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more strongly for roads and canals is recognized again and again, and that the administration, equally Democratic, is as strongly opposed to such improvements, is often referred to ; but the opportunity of the old Federalist party, pledged as it was to broad construction, to regain power by this means, is entirely neglected.

A parting word on a particular feature of the whole series is not amiss. While it is a misnomer to term the present work in any sense a "Life," one quality deserves particular notice. In all the collected writings of our great statesmen only the letters of each, with an occasional excerpt from some other writer, is printed, but in that under review the letters to King have been included, making it a work of peculiar completeness and value, and we venture to assert that no edition of the writings of the fathers can be truly satisfactory to the historian, or definitive, without this feature.

In closing the last volume of this very valuable collection it is regrettable to note certain misprints which do not seem to have been necessary, such as the confusion resulting from the Erving (p. 63) and the Ewing (p. 71) ; the twice turning of Gales, of the *National Intelligencer* into Gates (pp. 293 and 559) ; and the obvious mistake of *during* for *dining*, at page 453. Nor is the index by any means up to the otherwise high standard of editing.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

*The Autobiography of a Journalist.* By WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1901. Two vols., pp. vii, 743.)

THIS is the story of a wide experience and much adventure and vicissitude told with such frankness as suggests the *Confessions* of Rousseau, though here there is nothing shameful to relate. The most subjective parts are the most interesting and important, and these are to be found in the first volume to a much fuller extent than in the second. It is where Mr. Stillman is writing intimately about himself and the development of his own mind and character that his fascination is complete and it is hardly less so when he is writing of men well known to us in literature or art. It is where, as in the second volume, he is dealing with large events, of which he saw much, and was an active part, such as the insurrection in Crete and that in Herzegovina, that the interest of his narration sometimes flags. This is less the fault of the events than of the manner in which they are presented. The chapters covering them are mainly summaries and compressions of more elaborate treatments of the same subjects which Mr. Stillman has put forth in books and in his correspondence with one journal or another, and it is where his style is most expansive that it is most attractive ; conversely it is least so where his narrative is most condensed. At points where the situation was most complicated he has a way of thinking underground and modestly assuming that his readers know quite as much as he does about Turko-Russian wars and politics. Yet these aspects of his book are, no doubt, those with which the AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW should, as such, be

most deeply concerned. There is no doubt material here for the historian, and there are personal adventures in Crete and Montenegro which the picaresque novels of the time might borrow without loss to their most characteristic tone.

The wide range of Mr. Stillman's experience in his maturer years contrasts vividly with the narrowness of that enclosure of Seventh-Day Baptist thought and feeling in which his parents were born and bred, "a community of Bible disputants such as even Massachusetts could not show." This was in Newport, and we have a living picture of the mother as she was among the children and others of her father's family. One of her brothers being drafted into the militia service, she with her sisters, in twenty-four hours, caught and clipped a sheep, spun the wool, wove the cloth, and made up a suit of serviceable clothes in which to send the brother to the wars. There is much of such detail, but of more importance is the mother's spiritual portraiture, with features that the son inherited and which have been modified but not fundamentally altered by a religious development which ultimately brought him into spiritual companionship with Darwin and Huxley and their kind. Son after son she hoped would be a minister and in the case of William she clung longest to this hope, but she brought no urgency to bear. It was to be the Lord's doing, and marvellous in her eyes; no work of her own hands. Taken in its entirety the picture of the mother would justify these volumes, if they contained nothing else.

With fine indifference to mere facts and dates Mr. Stillman omits the date and place of his own birth, (Schenectady, N. Y., June 1, 1828), but the removal of the family from Rhode Island is made sufficiently plain. This meant that one of the boy's great teachers would be the forest and not the ocean, as it might otherwise have been. For assistant teacher he had his father, whose love of the woods, and especially of their animal life, was a conspicuous trait. We find the father utterly broken with grief over a parrot's accidental death. Yet he was not in most respects a tender-hearted man. His son did not find him so and "*one* impulse from a vernal wood" was remembered as of critical importance. This was a scourging inflicted by the father with two pear-tree switches of good thickness which were broken to the stumps over the boy's back, his shirt his sole defense. This for a good action which involved tardiness at dinner. Naturally the boy ran away, but when he came back there were no more floggings. We shall not go far astray if we derive much of Stillman's later wandering as a reaction from the harsh confinement of his early years.

An infant prodigy, an attack of typhoid fever in his eighth year made him a model of stupidity till he was fourteen. But the seven intervening years were years of nature-worship and of religious experience that left him with much to cherish, much to be outgrown. There was a period of utter misery with a brother in New York whose wife was mad with jealousy of anyone for whom her husband cared. Next came a few terms at the De Ruyter Academy where he had Charles Dudley

Warner for a school-mate, and he remembers him as full of delicate promise of the man he came to be. It was here that the mental fog broke up as suddenly as it had settled down. From the academy he went to Union College, his own wishes and his father's being overborne by the collective family wisdom, which was foolishness as Mr. Stillman sees it from the summit of his retrospective years. His college course spoiled him for an artist and he ultimately drifted into journalism, as a result of the facility for writing developed by his literary studies at Union. It seems possible that a purely literary life would have been better suited to his genius than journalism or art. His account of Dr. Nott, the president of Union, is one of many of his brilliant and effective characterizations. These include Ruskin, the Rossettis, Turner of whom he could say *vidi-tantum* without meaning much, and the Cambridge set in America. The chapters on the famous Adirondack Club, which was of Stillman's institution, are of striking interest, and there is an amusing account of Emerson's gun which deterred Longfellow from joining the party. These chapters and that on Lowell invite comparison with Mr. Howells's reminiscences touching Lowell and Emerson and their friends. Norton and Lowell were friends in need to Mr. Stillman, whose pecuniary straits were of frequent recurrence. He was able to receive their bounty without loss of self-respect and one feels that those who have money cannot use it better than for the necessities of a man who has so much that is of greater value, but which is not marketable. "On a Mission for Kossuth" is a chapter which is not flattering to the Hungarian patriot nor to Mr. Stillman's practical judgment. The mission was a wild-goose chase for crown jewels in Hungary. Mr. Stillman's admiration for Ruskin was so great that he named his boy for him, the boy whose sickness and death furnish these volumes with their most pathetic episode. But this admiration made havoc of Mr. Stillman's career as an artist, putting him, following Ruskin, on the scent of nature when he should have been upon the scent of art. It was Mr. Stillman's connection with the London *Times* that gave him pre-eminently his standing as a journalist. Much about this and the *Times* editors is interesting; much also about Mr. Stillman's Roman consulate and that in Crete. But best of all is the self-portraiture, direct and indirect, of a profound idealist, whose life has not been successful measured by our popular standards, but has been immensely so measured by others which bring to life and character a more absolute and final test.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

*The Government of Minnesota, its History and Administration.* By FRANK L. McVEY, Ph.D., Professor of Economics in the University of Minnesota. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1901. Pp. 236.)

MR. McVEY's book is one of the numerous text-books on state governments which have appeared in recent years. The movement is a good